

NELLIE BLY'S HOROSCOPE.
She Visits Several Astrologers
and is Solemnly Told a Different
Fortune by Each One.
READ THE SUNDAY WORLD
AN ADVENTURESS.
Mrs. Robert Ray Hamilton's Career of Cunning,
Fraud and Crime.

PRICE ONE CENT.

BILL NYE'S SUNDAY OFF.

Comedian Robson Tells Him
Some Tales of the Stage.

TURKEY'S UNHAPPY SULTAN.

Frightened Almost to Death Last
He Be Assassinated.

**LAST EDITION
MAD JEALOUSY**

It Leads to a Horrible Tragedy in
East Thirty-fifth Street.

Well-to-Do Peter Reynolds Slain by
Ex-Detective Donohue.

Five Horrid Stabs With a Carving
Knife a Foot Long.

The Murderer Thought His Wife Was
In Reynolds's Rooms.

A man who had killed his fellow-man sat
in the Yorkville Police Court between two
policemen this morning with blood-stained
bandages encircling his head.

His unshaven face was streaked with blood,
so that his features were barely discernible.
His breast was partly exposed.

There also could be seen patches of clotted
blood.

Evidently he had not killed his victim
without a struggle.

Around him were other prisoners, held on
petty charges. When they heard the grave
nature of the crime of which he was charged,
they seemed to feel positively happy.

The murderer appeared to be utterly
foresworn, completely beyond the pale of human
sympathy.

"Of what are you thinking now?" an
Evening World reporter asked.

He hesitated for a moment before he
pleaded guilty.

"I was thinking just now of the days I
used to go to school."

He was then summoned before Police
Judge Murray, who ordered him to be taken
down town and arraigned before the Coroner.

The prisoner's name is Florence J. Donohue.
He had killed Peter Reynolds, whom
he suspected of undue intimacy with his
wife.

Reynolds was a widower, his wife having
died about two years ago.

He was a cooper by trade, but amassed a
fortune and retired from business some
years ago.

He owned the two big tenement-houses,
239 and 341 East Thirty-fifth street.

A week ago last Wednesday he left his
six motherless children, four boys and two
girls.

He was much respected in the neighborhood.

Donohue, his wife and their four children
moved into 341 last March, occupying apart-
ments right over Reynolds. Donohue is a
fluent Irishman, but became a Pinkerton
detective last April.

He is a stout, sturdy Irishman below the
medium height, and is about thirty-eight
years old.

His wife came to him of an intimacy
between his wife and Landford Reynolds.

He didn't believe the stories at first, but
they came to him faster and faster.

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The Insidious Danger Which
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LIKE A MINISTERING ANGEL.
Clara Barton's Work Amid the
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SHED SHOOK SLUGGED.
Contractor Patten Piercedly Assails the
Well-Known Brewer Politician.

A One-Sided Combat in the Morton
House Cafe.

Mr. Shook Punched on the Nose and
Cheek and Badly Scarred.

Sheridan Shook, the well-known Republi-
can politician, successful theatre manager
and ale brewer, is just recovering from a
bloody combat with Contractor Thomas
Patten, and was observed in the Morton
House this morning, bearing a scar of honor
on his cheek and another on his nose.

The Morton House patrons were telling the
heroic story of the combat with bated breath.
Some of the eager listeners admired Mr.
Shook's deeds of valor in the affray, and some
were delighted by the military conduct of
Mr. Patten.

The fact that Mr. Shook has been laid up
for repairs for some days, and that Mr. Pat-
ten has gone out of town, presumably for
repairs, lent much interest to the story,
which is told as follows:

Wednesday evening Mr. Sheridan Shook
was sitting at a little table in the Morton
House Cafe with a little julep anchored
conveniently near him, and as he absorbed
the julep through a straw he might be said to
be at peace with all the world.

At 5.30 o'clock Contractor Thomas Patten
suddenly entered at the Broadway door and
walked toward the bar.

Mr. Shook did not at first see Mr. Patten.
But the latter saw Mr. Shook, and his rage
was aroused. He rushed towards him and
began to "upper cut" Mr. Shook.

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THE FATAL MORPHINE SYRINGE.
THE UNHAPPY SULTAN OF TURKEY.
THE RED CROSS ARMY AT JOHNSTOWN.
Wilkie Collins's Great Novel "BLIND LOVE."

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IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Caricatures of the Big Politi-
cians in the Paris Weeklies.

SOCIETY'S HOLLOW FARGE.

What One Sees and Hears at a
Newport Musicals.

CRUEL MRS. McCABE
Accused of Turning Her Little Boy
Into the Street.

She Is Recognized as the Woman
Who Shot George Coles.

Convicted of Manslaughter and Served
Her Time.

Poor little George St. Clair!
He is a little of a boy, eight years old, but
small for that age, and there has been a deal
of trouble crowded into his little life.

Yesterday Policeman Borman picked up
the little shaver in East Eleventh street, and
took him to the First street station.

He was hungry and chilled to the marrow,
for he had on only a blue and white calico
waist, knee breeches, shoes and a hat.

He told the policeman that he lived, or had
lived, with his mother and stepfather, Henry
McCabe, at 272 Second avenue, and that his
mother had turned him out of doors.

He was turned over to Gerry's Society, and
this morning he was before Justice Duffy in
Essex Market Police Court. The Society
wanted him given into their custody, but Mr.
McCabe, a hard-working stone-sawyer, who
was there, said: "I am able and willing to
take care of George if I am permitted to cor-
rect him when I think he needs it."

Kind-hearted Justice Duffy looked at the
little fellow, and the judge's face
said no word, and finally the judge said:
"All right, stepfather, you take him
home and punish him. That's all right so
long as you don't break any of the bones in
his little body."

For once Judge Duffy's judgment was
wrong.

An Evening World reporter found Mrs.
McCabe waiting in one of her three rear
rooms, up one flight of stairs, at 272 Second
avenue.

She began to cry when the caller stated his
errand.

"I turn him out! Oh, that my boy should
go to his own darling mother!" apostro-
phized the woman.

"Why, sir, he is a thief, and we can't do
anything with him. He lied. He was ten
years old last October. We never punish
him. Many a time I've gone hungry to feed
him."

Is it likely that I, who was a widow seven
years and went out at service to take care of
him, would turn him out?

"He went for butter milk on Sunday and
I never returned."

"Would I take him from the Juvenile
Asylum last May to turn him out now. He
was there fifteen months."

"How did you get that black eye?" asked
the reporter.

"Well, now I'll just tell you. My hus-
band was going to punish him and I said
'Don't, and my husband said he'd strike me
if I interfered, and just then George kicked
me in the eye. I never had any trouble with
any one in my life.'"

"What ails your knee that makes you
limp?"

"I was coming up the stairs and I
bumped it."

"Now, Mrs. McCabe, you say you never
had any trouble—what about the death of
George Coles?"

Instantly the fearful mother was trans-
formed into a veritable tough from the dives.
"Now, when's my shooting of George
Coles got to do with it?" she demanded, and
added sulkily, "I did time on the island for
that."

"When was the shooting?"

"That Garfield was shot. George was
three months old. George Coles ruined me."

This woman was the same who on a July
night in 1881 sent a messenger to the box
office of Harry Miner's Bowery Theatre for
young George Coles, who was treasurer of
the theatre.

Coles went out to the corner of Broome
street and the avenue, drew a revolver and
shot him in the abdomen, from which he
died next day. She was tried by Judge
Davis, convicted of manslaughter and sen-
tenced to do hard labor in the penitentiary.

She lived with her three children and her
mother in Catharine street at the time, and
her mother died of a broken heart. Two of
the children died during the time she was in
prison.

"I remember her," said Sgt. Dahlgren,
of the Bridge street station. "I was on the
duty that night. She was as cool as ice. She
told me to do with it as I pleased, and there
was in the McCabe flat all the time, and
she was the best thing I saw in a long while."

An eight-year-old George, whose father
was lost in the wreck of the schooner Excelsior,
is turned over to the mercies of such a
mother.

JOHN G. CAVILLE DEAD.

Consumption Ends the Career of the Well-
Known Knight of Labor.

Many laboring men will follow the remains of
John Garrett Caville, the well-known ex-Auditor
of the Knights of Labor, to their burial in
Cypress Hills Cemetery to-morrow afternoon.

Mrs. Caville died yesterday in St. Mary's
Hospital, Brooklyn. He was thirty-three years
old, and leaves a widow and four children at
255 Gold street, Brooklyn.

No Case Against John H. O'Connor, who
was arrested on the charge of building a tower
on the grounds of the family estate in the
vicinity of the family estate in the vicin-
ity of the family estate in the vicin-

The building has been entirely refuted and re-
framed, and no expense spared to secure the comfort and
convenience of its patrons. Mr. Raymond, the proprietor,
will welcome his friends at the opening to-day.

Pharmacy's.

All lovers of good cheer will be glad to hear that this
restaurant, so famous for its table d'hôte and its choice
French and Italian wines, is open again at the old place,
No. 127 1/2 st. ave. near 110th st., during the summer
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Searching for Two Broken Ends
in the Depths of Midocan.

PITY THE POOR DRUG CLERK.

Don't Ring Him Up at Night if
You Can Help It.

**LAST EDITION
FIRE IN HER HOLD.**

The Nasua of the Providence Line
Abaze at Her Pier.

Firemen Have a Tough Fight to
Subdue the Flames.